

At the Theatres.



With a cast employing the talents of one of the finest dramatic companies in the world and with scenery and costumes of the most lavish description, *Elliot Barnes' play, The Artist's Daughter*, was produced on Monday night at the Union Square Theatre. Everything was done that money, skill and taste could do to place the new piece before the public in an attractive manner. If the drama failed to satisfy the intelligence of the representative first-night gathering, its presentation at all events captured the visual sense. In the hands of a first-class organization than the Union Square company, Mr. Barnes' work would undoubtedly have met with disaster. That it was received with a measure of favor reflects largely upon the achievements of the players, the scenic painter and the composer.

Mr. Barnes has sought to produce a piece of the Coleridgean *Cain* and *Two Orphans* order. But although he has chosen a theme such as *D'Annunzio* would utilize skillfully, it is handled without the direction of purpose, the cunning and *finesse* which are the tools of the accomplished French melodramatist. The *Artist's Daughter* possesses the external form but not the inward and genuine animation of the modern French method. It approaches the real thing nearest in its constructive qualities than in the manner or treatment. Mr. Barnes' work is mostly imitation—it lacks spontaneity, and, like all counterfeits, its prevailing characteristic is failure. Several times during the action the situations verge on strength and surprise but inevitably expectation is disappointed and the promise goes unfulfilled. The dramatic *personae* comprise eighteen characters. Seven of these are absolutely unnecessary. They have nothing to do with the development of the plot; they do not even come to legitimate scenes. They simply lay themselves out on the stage. Even the remaining eleven personages are too much for Mr. Barnes. A great part of the time he doesn't know what to do with them. So loosely is the web of his story woven that all but three or four of the characters disappear from view to appear only at rare intervals and then to mark the conclusion of the scene again for another protracted period. The dialogue is decidedly conventional. The colloquialisms are of modern nature—there is nothing that betrays the genre, dignity and courtliness of the days of Louis XV.

The story is related in a prologue and four acts. André Faurel is a poor young artist, who dwells in poverty with his wife, Blanche, and their child, near the bridge of Notre Dame. Blanche is high-born. In marrying the poor painter, two years anterior to the beginning of the play, she incurred parental disapproval and dishonor. She is ill and dying from want, attended by her husband and Madame, the mistress of Gaspard Lazzette, a recently produced of the Paris pot-house. Gaspard is in need of funds to pay a gambling debt. He overtures Blanche telling Madame that her titled sister, the Countess de Valmore is coming to visit her and leave her 5,000 francs. The villain conspires a scheme to procure this money. As André is creating the bridge the desperado snatches him in the back and throws him over the parapet into the river beneath. Then Gaspard enters the room of the dying Blanche, from the coat of the man he has just assassinated, and when the Countess comes proceeds to be Faurel. Blanche dies as she is on the point of expiring the sounder, and his race is successful. The Countess takes Marie, the infant daughter of her dead sister, and gives the money she has brought to Gaspard, the supposed father, on condition that he will give up all claim to the child. Sixteen years are supposed to elapse before the first act begins. This is laid at the Chateau de Chalye, the Countess having meantime married the Duke de Chalye and reared Marie as her own daughter. The latter is engaged to the Count de Lorraine, and everything appears to smile happily upon the virtuous characters of the story, when Gaspard Lazzette comes to the surface and blackmails the Duchess out of a large sum of money under threats of claiming Marie as his own property. The real André, who, it transpires, was not killed by his wound or drowned by the waters of the Seine, also puts in an appearance. He has, under an assumed name, become a famous painter, and he comes to the chateau to make a portrait of Marie. While painting her picture he had previously

been struck by her resemblance to his dead wife; he recognizes her as his lost daughter, and she—impelled by those instincts which only exist in the imagination of the playwright—falls into his arms. The Duchess, believing Gaspard to be the girl's father, denounces André as an impostor. He is arrested for murder in a cabaret, committed by his villainous double, but when he comes face to face with Gaspard he denounces that individual, and with the assistance of Nannette, who clears up the mystery, establishes his rightful identity, and Gaspard is taken to prison to answer for his multitudinous crimes. As will be seen from this summary, the *Artist's Daughter* contains little love interest—an element so essential to the success of any play. The passion of the young Count for Marie is but an episode, while that of Sybil Marlet for a gaudy Marquis is introduced merely to provide some light comedy. The only strongly developed love is of the paternal order, and that has very little attraction for the average observer.

Mr. Barnes cannot complain about the manner in which his piece was represented. Not only does an author have the benefit of such a galaxy of fine actors. Considering the limited opportunities the text affords for effective acting, the cast is really a waste of talent. The part of André Faurel introduced Messrs. Shook and Collier's new leading man, J. H. Barnes. He created a very favorable impression. Although Mr. Barnes has the reputation of being handsome, he cannot truly be said to merit the distinction. He is tall, well built, and his features are regular. But his mouth is weak, his nose is a trifle overcast and his eyes are inexpressive. He has an agreeable voice and a pronunciation that is not unpleasantly English. His movements are graceful, and he has cultivated the art of self-exposure. His acting in the prologue, on hearing from the doctors the news that Blanche is destined to live but a short time, was indicative of poignant grief, and in the scene where the father, painting the daughter's picture, is gradually overcome with the conviction of the relationship which exists between them, he did some very natural and delicate work. Mr. Barnes is not an actor of Charles Thorne's caliber, of course, but from his performance on Monday night it is evident that he understands his business and will prove a valuable addition to the Union Square company. The audience liked him and applauded his efforts frequently. Another new-comer, J. B. Mason—late of the Boston Museum—made a good impression. He had not much to do in the part of the Count de Lorraine, but he was intelligent throughout. Mr. Mason, like Mr. Barnes, comes to us with the reputation of being an Adonis. He is also a disappointment in this respect. What his appearance might be if childhood did not obliterate the character of his countenance we are not prepared to say. But at present he looks like a jolly, overfed countryman. J. H. Sedgwick is the best character actor on our stage. It goes without saying that he gave to Gaspard Lazzette a strongly marked and repulsive individuality. His make-up was a study, and his acting focused the most attentive observation. John Parrell, in the role of a Doctor, had little to do besides look benevolent, and this he did with perfect ease. Joseph Whiting was afflicted with a bad part—an alleged comic Marquis, with gust, bad temper and similar eccentricities. Owen Fawcett played a valet—one of the superfluous personages before alluded to. Among the ladies Ida Vernon and Maude Harrison are entitled to most praise. Miss Vernon acted the Duchess with courtly demeanor, and the scenes wherein she was called upon to display emotion were given with sympathy of the true artist. Miss Harrison clothed Sybil with the winsome brightness which is one of her chief charms, and in powdered wig and broadened skirts she looked a typical belle of the Louis XV. reign. Miss Jewett doubled Blanche in the prologue and Marie in the play. Her acting was very lugubrious and she scarcely looked the maid of seventeen summers. But if Miss Jewett does nothing transcendently well, it is equally true that she does nothing badly. In the present instance she got through with her fearful duties quite satisfactorily. The rest of the characters were capably represented.

We have already spoken of Mr. Maxton's scenery. Each one of the five pictures is a superb piece of work. The audience called the artist out several times during the evening to testify their appreciation of his splendid achievements. The sets were heavy and the walls between the acts were consequently long. A pleasing feature of the performance is a minute in Act One danced by Misses Vernon, Harrison, Jewett and Greenwald, and Messrs. Mason, Magnus, Whiting and Hawley. It was redemptive. The costumes were all of the richest description.

The *Artist's Daughter* contains sufficient melodramatic material to appease the craving of the average theatre-goer. This, combined with the splendid manner in which it is put on, will very probably ensure it a fairly successful run.

Hazel Kirke seems still to retain its pristine attractiveness in this city. On Monday night the "Evergreen drama," as it has been appropriately described, drew a very good audience to the Grand Opera House. The spectators wept over the pathetic episodes in the tumultuous marital experiences of the heroine, laughed at the picaresqueries of Pittacus and Dolly and shuddered before the wrath of the iron-plated

mill. The play has never been entrusted to a better company than the present one in the course of its long career. Besides containing two or three members of the original cast, it presents several new people of marked ability. Annie Russell's Hazel is sweet and sympathetic, although it lacks intensity in the more exacting situations. Mr. Coudock's Dunstan has lost nothing in rude power, and Mrs. Davenport's Mercy is characterized by maternal placidity and loveliness. Sydney Cowell's Dolly Dutton is as bright as this charming subterfuge can make it, and De Wolf Hopper's Pittacus is a breezily humorous personation. William Morris plays Lord Travers with considerable force and the figure Rodney of Charles Edmunds is excellent. The minor parts are all well played. The play was handsomely set. Next week, *Her Attonement*.

Storm-Heaven was played at the People's Theatre on Monday to a good house by Shook and Collier's company. The performance we have had occasion to notice on two or three occasions lately. It only remains to be said that the play and the actors were well received.

A new comicality was presented to the patrons of Tony Pastor's on Monday night. It is called *Celibacy* and it serves to introduce some clever actors and singers in a laughable vehicle for the display of their varied talents. Zerkubable Bubble is a woman-hater. He formed an organization of similar spirits under the name of the Stag Brotherhood. They attempt to exist without the assistance of the fair sex. Their absurd blunders in trying to keep house and perform the duties which properly belong to feminine hands constitute the fun which abounds in the three acts of the piece. Herbert Archer was excellent as Captain Dobbs, his efforts chiefly carrying the performance to a successful issue. Henry Linden as Bubble was also clever. Belle Archer in the soubrette part of Nancy was very charming. She sang several songs which were received with pronounced favor. *Celibacy* is a breezy *lever de rideau*, and it should meet with popularity during its brief engagement in this city.

A Child of the State was played Monday by a company hastily gathered together to fill Frank Chanfrau's week at the Third Avenue Theatre. The representation, all things considered, was creditable, and it met with approbation from the audience. George Hoy acted Gus Rene and Loudon McCormack Maurice De Lancy. Miss Cummins was the Gertrude and Amy Lee the Carline. Next week a novelty will be presented at this theatre by Mr. Rankin. It will be called *A Play and a Plot*, but the permanent title is to be given by the patron who suggests the best one. The lucky chooser is promised a prize of \$1,000.

The Private Secretary is an immense success at the Madison Square. The "standing room only" sign has been hung out nearly every night since the opening performance. Harry Allen has replaced M. A. Kennedy as the Squire, and the change benefits the representation.

Louisa has proved unattractive metal, and Madame Janish has faced some very meagre assemblages at the New Park in consequence. On Tuesday night the actress swooned at the close of the third act and the audience was dismissed. Anxiety and overwork were the causes of her sudden prostration. This evening Madame Janish is to appear in *Leonora*.

Mr. Gillette's Secretary, at the Comedy Theatre, is drawing crowded houses. The piece is clever and it is acted capably. Mr. Gillette as McCosh proves himself to be a comedian of much ability.

The Seven Ravens continues to draw well at Niblo's Garden. The slight fire there on Friday night, occasionally reported by the *Herald*, was an inconsequential matter. The flame was extinguished before the audience saw it. The greatest care is exercised in handling the electric lights and danger of fire is reduced to a minimum.

Investigation holds on its prosperous course at the Theatre Comique. The houses have been larger the past week than at any time during the run, and the prospect is that the piece will be kept on for a good many weeks to come.

Called Back is nearing the close of its career at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. It will be taken off in a couple of weeks. Business had improved a little recently, but the play has not won our public. It is dull and lugubrious, and when there are so many performances of a cheerier or more interesting character at hand it is not strange that play-goers avoid this compilation of murder, madness and other horrors.

An agonized Indiana correspondent writes: "Can anyone tell why Greencastle, a city of 6,000, a splendid show place, with a fine, rich agricultural district surrounding it and located on three great trunk lines should be skipped by all circuses? We have had no circus this season!" Our answer is that a special providence has probably taken Greencastle in hand.

The Musical Mirror.



The Beggar Student was revived on Monday night at the Casino before a good-sized audience. Millocher's charming opera comique was admirably presented as a whole, although in several individual cases the cast was somewhat inferior to that of the original production last season. Digby Bell had a difficult task in the role of General Offendoff, for the remembrance of Fred. Leslie's admirable impersonation was still fresh. Of course Mr. Bell was unable to depart from the established business of the part, but he managed to infuse so much action into his performance that it was to all intents and purposes an independently original piece of work. Mr. Bell created much amusement and sang some new verses in the refrain "Sponge it Out," which brought the house down. Mark Smith, as Symon, the managing student, sang finely and acted with much skill. We prefer Mr. Smith to his predecessor, Mr. Carleton, in this part. Charles Clarke, a weak little tenor, was mildly gazed by the spectators in his efforts to do justice to the role of Janitsky. Laura Joyce was excellent as the Countess, and Lilly Post made a decided hit as Laura. Billie Barlow, who has improved vocally, was very nice indeed as the Lieutenant. The old dresses and scenery were used. The Beggar Student is expected to run for a month.

At Koster and Hial's Louise Lester, Sophie Lingwood and several talented singers are giving the best music from Olivette. The vocal department of the long and enjoyable programme is supplemented by several specialty features of a highly meritorious order.

Adonis continues to fill the Bijou Opera House night after night. New fire is being constantly injected into the burlesque, and Mr. Diney steadily embroiders his part with humorous gags and tricks. From present indications it seems probable that the piece will be kept on until the mid-winter holidays.

Theo appeared at Wallace's in Boccaccio Monday and Tuesday nights. Last evening *La Fille de Madame Angot* was the bill. This is the last week of Theo's engagement. It has been moderately successful. On Monday next a preliminary season will begin with the production of the London farcical hit, *Nita's First*.

Professional Doings.

James Dickson arrived in town on Friday.

Max Rosenberg will manage Bandmann's tour.

Robert Johnson has left D. H. Harkins' company.

David Helasco is writing a play for Minnie Mudders.

Monsieur Mons has finished his play, *Les Emigres*.

Billie Barlow has been re-engaged by Manager McCaul.

Haydon Tilla goes with Thompson's Opera company.

Leon and Cushman have joined Billy Birch's Minstrels.

Adonis will be kept on at the Bijou as long as it will draw.

Jennie Bright will join Arthur Rehan's company this week.

Fay Templeton is meeting with immense success in the West.

A San Francisco gentleman is writing a play for Rose Coghlan.

Joseph Arthur's play, *A Play and a Plot*, is in rehearsal at Rankin's.

Hands-off is the title of a musical comedy by W. E. Gill and E. E. Rice.

Several prominent "variety stars" are enrolled among the Lyceum students.

Adolph Neuwirth has been appointed musical director of the Star Theatre.

Manager Field, of Boston, will probably produce *Called Back* at the Museum.

Carrie Godfrey has three new songs, two of which are introduced into Adonis.

Sidney de Haven, late of the Bijou company, has joined Dickson's Sketch Club.

Richard Mansfield will star under the management of Gustave and Charles Freeman.

Sophie Lingwood made her first appearance at Koster and Hial's on Monday night.

Charles Hoyt arrived in the city on Sunday night. He is satirizing another "crazee."

It was rumored yesterday that Elie Elber had been engaged for the Lyceum Theatre.

Medea will be the first play in which Ristow will appear in America during the coming tour.

W. J. Lemoine is credited with making the hit in the Madison Square Private Secretary.

Tony Pastor has written to a friend in the city saying that the present has been the most prosperous tour he ever made.

Nat Roth has been appointed press agent for the Fifth Avenue Theatre.

Eily Coghlan has replaced Josie Shopp as the opera bouffe artist in Niblo's Garden.

Cyril Scott has been offered a part in *The Secretary for the Road*, but will wait for Minnie Mudders.

The Pulse of New York company will close its season this week, resuming after the elections.

Donald Robertson will shortly join Dion Boucicault. He is to create a fourth part in *Robert Emmet*.

La Petite Marguerite has closed her concert season. She was very successful at the watering-places.

Fred Perry, stage manager for Lotis, is now playing the Major in *Nitouche*, in place of R. J. Dunan.

Kit Clarke is negotiating with the Kintlys for *Excelsior*. This has been his motto for some seasons.

Manager Colville says that John Richley is doing wonderfully well on the road with *The Pavements of Paris*.

Robert Buchanan will probably not come to terms with Shook and Collier for the production of his plays.

Nelson Waldron threatens the *Malibys* with a lawsuit over the double stage, which he claims belongs to him.

Mansell will play the leading role in Henry Guy Carleton's play, *The Lion's Mouth*, in place of George Kiddle.

Marius de Lazzar is the author of the drinking song as rendered by Almere. It was composed expressly for her.

Lilian Olcott opens her season at Easton, Pa., Oct. 20. Walter Standish was engaged as leading man on Monday.

Madame Delors declined Colonel Millard's offer to star in *Madame Boniface* and *Nitouche*. She will not travel.

Viola Allen denies the report that she has signed with Amos Pond. She will soon star in a play now being written.

A. C. Genter left for San Francisco on Wednesday of last week. The D. A. M. company returned to town Friday.

Dot Boucicault has occasionally been substituted for the old gentleman this season, the latter's gout troubling him a little.

If Manager McConnell leaves his Brooklyn theatre and returns to Chicago, Leigh Lynch will assume the management.

Leonora Bradley is making arrangements to star in a new play on the conclusion of her engagement with Robson and Crane.

Agnes Huntington will give five concerts in the leading cities of the East this season, under Colonel W. F. Morse's direction.

E. Henley, who was the best feature of the Royal British Burlesque company, has joined the Eric Hayley Comedy company.

Last week the new ballets at the Star were supplemented by the introduction of electric lights attached to the head of each dancer.

Leslie Allen will leave Dad's Girl company to join La Chabonniere. Rehearsals will be held by F. F. Mackay, beginning Monday.

The Comedy Theatre will in a short time become an adjunct of the Lyceum, and be used for the productions of the stock company.

W. S. Penley, who was here with the Hanlons a few years ago, has made a hit in London, as the Vicar, in *The Private Secretary*.

Odell Williams, the Judge in *Kit*, states that over three hundred professionals attended Frank Chanfrau's funeral, there being one hundred carriages.

Walker Standish intends taking his play, *Fickle Fortune*, which was recently produced at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, on the road after the elections.

Harold Russell has been re-engaged by Minnie Mudders. He will open with her in Chicago in November, meantime acting in *The Pulse of New York*.

Harrison and Gentry have arranged with F. C. Burnard, the English dramatic author, to write them a farce-comedy. They'll mangle it on purpose to make a hit.

Manager W. H. Power is negotiating with Charles Burke and Frank M. Wills for a touring tour in their play *Old Cronies*; or, it's a Cold Day When We Get Left.

Robert Wilson, formerly with Charles Wyndham, John A. Stevens and others, shortly takes on the road a sensational entertainment of the Professor Cromwell type.

On Saturday afternoon several hundred children attended a performance of *Nitouche*. They were orphans in charge of the Department of Charities and Correction.

The Freemans have taken charge of *Caprice* and will open with Minnie Mudders as the star in Chicago on Nov. 5. Brooks and Dickson could not arrange terms with her.

There is no truth in the rumor that Bartley Campbell will withdraw two of his plays from the road. Such a report regarding *The White Slave* and *Separation* was published.

C. W. Taylure is arranging to take the Chaudron company on the road with the dead actor's son, H. T. Chaudron, in the role of Kit. The season is looked up to May, 1895.

I. M. Norcross is engaging a comic opera company to open at the New Park Theatre on Oct. 27, in *L'Archiduc*, *Grand Duchess* and other pieces. Catherine Lewis will be the star.

Gustave Amberg has had an auspicious opening at the Thalia. Seats are difficult to find after the rise of the curtain. Nearly all the company are new faces from the Vaterland.

Brooks and Dickson aver that Romp Rye Company A and in the Banks are making money. Their other companies are doing fairly. The expenses are only half what they were last season.

Harry Siddons, the English comedian, who made his American debut with Catherine Lewis in *Madame Boniface* and scored a success, has seven offers. His English experience covers twenty years.

Heiry Durey has written a burlesque upon the Seven Ravens, in which E. G. Gilmore, the Kintlys Brothers and other prominent theatrical people are caricatured. He calls it *The Raving Seven*.

The manager of Anna Eva Fay, the Electric Girl, writes to deny that his attraction is giving exhibitions. She will remain at her home in Ohio until next year, when she goes to talk Australian engagements.

The Giddy Gusher.



I never fully realized how often the human hand gets broken until my most intimate friend moved down opposite the New York Hospital. Her husband is by far the most practical and sentimental man in America. You take him one day and the laying of an egg by a careless hen fills his soul with anxiety about a future customer; and you take him the next and you might say my poor Maria's leg off before his eyes and he wouldn't blink. But in both positions he leaves unpleasant opinions, and as they struck their new quarters when his heart was tender, Maria was frightened by the dead forebodings of her husband.

"Put me at the back of the house," said he. "The clang of that ambulance fills me with pain."

"Why should it," said Maria, "as long as I didn't ring for it?"

"And the sight of those dreadful walls are tedious, enclosing so much human misery," he continued.

"Moreover, it is built of parti-colored bricks and a heap eight more cheerful than the new Opera House. The misery there is alleviated, which is more than I can say for that across the street." And Maria got in one on her bed.

Then Maria and I, we two girls, just began to look at the hospital, to see if he or she had the right of it. And in its study we have found much to interest and more to amuse. The early-morning politician with the broken head is one of the funniest features of the scene. A coach with a few friends drives up at six. At that hour I am struggling with Dana or Butler or Bennett on Blaine, but instantly take greater interest in the evidence of a great political issue which is being carefully decanted from the coach across the way. His coat is torn, his necktie is hanging, and the blood so incarnates his face that it's a question if he is a white man or a Fifteenth amendment of one. His friends boost him in the great iron guns and the coach patrols the street. After a good hour of this exercise it stops, to take on board the repaired article, and here the laugh comes in. The doctors have planned and patched him, and put a poultice on the north side of him, and mounted a sort of white night-cap on top of all the other white fragments, and aloft, on a small embankment where a peculiarly big lump occurred, one of the officer's friends had perched the sufferer's little black derby hat. You talk of funny sights; that exhibition takes place most every morning, and if the windows of the Tux Mison office were open my howl of delight would reach you.

The other day an ambulance arrived with a stout Irish fellow, so thoroughly broke up that they just dished him out as if he was picnic chowder. The big iron gates had hardly closed behind him before a stalwart Biddy with a stove-lifter braced herself against the railing. She had evidently brought her work home herself.

Several adherents stood at a respectful distance, when a jolly-faced man on a milk-cart addressed her:

"Puhah's the matter, Mrs. Mulcahy?"

"They're puttin' a new lid on Mike in bed."

"Was it an accident?"

"No, it was murder."

"That was too bad of ye, Mrs. Mulcahy."

"Aren't, was it indeed? Av ye had seen the red head of her, and Mike walkin' it round the Park, ye'd aseen fear he took his mid-life for. It's here I'll land him ivery time I catch him at it."

Just here the gates creaked a little and a policeman, who had unnoticed rode in on the ambulance, shot out and grabbed Mrs. Mulcahy—move-lifter and all.

A short, sharp struggle, and down the street with his prize walked the copper. Maria and I closely rise and shake hands. The hospital has its consultations.

Now, then, it's nine o'clock, and rattling up the main entrance comes a big, many-seated wagon, and lifted carefully in are a score and more of white-faced, puny little children—some of 'em bandaged, some of 'em in splints, some of them in strange apparatus for straightening backs or lifting heads, but all joyful at the expectation of a ride. I wonder it doesn't make the wealthy woman or the married man sadder than it does to do something for these magnificent hospitals of ours. Why, for a few dollars you can have a whole afternoon's solid pleasure. Go buy up fifty picture-books, and give permission to visit the juvenile ward, and have one on each little cot. Buy a few dol-

lars' worth of wondrous and fancy cottons and crochet hooks and feather brains and go through the convalescing ranks of the female patients of a hospital and brighten by your little presents the monotonous hours of your suffering sisters. It does seem to me that we struggle and put out lots of money and effort to attain the very miserable returns we call pleasure, when the truest form of it can be procured so cheaply. I'm sure I wish, if there are any benevolent but lazy persons who want to enjoy this sort of pleasure by proxy, that they would send their crochet-hooks and picture-books to the Gusher, who will make a distribution agency of herself in short order.

A careful observation of the halitoid men as displayed at the windows and on the balconies of the hospital leads me to believe that taking off a man's head is the only way to take the flirt out of him. On the second story there is a ward apparently devoted to the use of young men who have been more or less removed. No one of 'em seems to have the full complement of arms and legs; but they all flirt. There's a pretty housemaid next door who raises the whole hospital when she washes her steps. When she appears with her bucket they all appear with their crutches, and one particularly awful young man, who is swathed like a mummy and has evidently been half-way into a sausage-cutter, jumps playfully round and waves a red silk handkerchief at the divinity with the broom.

But, then, the ruling passion is hard to eradicate. I remember when a lady friend of mine died a year ago the doctor thought it his duty to break the impending change to her and advise her to make such disposition of her property and two unruly children as she could in twenty-four hours, that being the limit of the game. She telegraphed for a sister, she sent for me, and she did all her front hair up on pins. When I reached her at nine o'clock, twelve out of her twenty-four hours were gone. She gave me the dreadful information and the most solemn charge to reach the home at twelve next day and "take down her crimps" before the undertaker saw her. It was plain she meant to make a good impression even on that most uninteresting of all men.

No, take it all round, the hospital is an instructive and not unpleasant neighbor. I'd a great deal rather live opposite it than across the way from a good many nice houses where very healthy people reside. Now, for instance, I have a friend upstairs who has been round from her slumbers three times in as many weeks by the antics of a professional couple. They are people of a good deal of importance, engaged at a prominent theatre. It was a theatrical love-match, and it hasn't been going on so very long either; but something is wrong. The man is younger than the woman, and the woman was never a raving beauty, but she was good enough looking to get him away from another woman, and it may gratify that other woman to know that the present incumbent has been thoroughly warmed and soundly thrashed three times since the last full moon.

He's a rouser, and there ought to have been no dissatisfaction over in Jersey the other night when John Sullivan failed to turn up, for no doubt this theatrical and operatic gentleman could have been induced to appear as a noble substitute. When the tale was told me I inquired anxiously what the woman was doing when her husband had these paralytic spasms? "Principally screaming," was the reply. Oh, suffering Simon! and is this the warlike and tripolite female who used to shake up a first husband like a feather bolter.

Why! oh, why! am I denied the great felicity of returning a thrashing. How I would like to take the place of some of these submissive wives for about twenty-three and a half minutes. (I'd want that half minute for just one man.) When I go down to see investigation—as I do once a week—I think when I see Ed. Harrigan jump into the bath-tub with Italian wife's clothes—oh, would that the Lord the gift would give me to be for just a brief period Mrs. Kate Ketchit or Mrs. Laura Lettini, and have fate send him home as the Chinaman arrives or Harrigan.

"Sweet are the uses of adversity." If I could only see somebody else's adversity how sweet it would be to me. I had one such opportunity. I was the intimate friend of a popular female star, a stronger and a bigger woman than myself, but as pliant as a whip-lash. She had a husband. I see the beggar round New York occasionally now. We were at a hotel in Troy, and after the performance we were having a bit of supper, the actress and I. It was sharp on 12 o'clock and a sleepy waiter sat in the hall. The dining-room door opened and the husband beckoned the wife out and braced her for the evening's receipts that had been handed her in the dressing-room before we left the theatre.

I believe my healthful influence had begun its work, for she decidedly refused to give him a dollar. He turned and struck her a sounding blow straight in the face. She was standing directly in front of a huge mirror in the hall and I saw the whole operation. In one second the ball was opened. I don't believe I shall ever enjoy myself so much again. Tom Sayers was recently dead in London, and I shall always believe I had the use of his spirit for about five minutes. The sleepy waiter was unpoise, nerveless, little bolter and both seconds.

I gave the astonished countess a chance to put up his hands; but destiny or paralysis ordained no power to his elbows. He just stood up and took it. Some dear old man had been in to supper and left in the rack a volume of patent-office reports—that monster proved a heaven-sent weapon—for on skinning my knuckles on a pug nose and cutting my fingers with the wire-curler coarse hair that ever left the hub, I leaved on that book and sent it home with such success that the sleepy waiter and a porter carried the defeated man to his last unable to strike a blow.

Since then I have pined—really pined—to get in the line work with which I feel charged. Oh, ye suffering women! if ye can catch on to the moment when the wheel of your poor self is liable to come home with blood in his eye, send for me. Give me the opportunity! Oh, let me be the lad to do as Harrigan does: get into the old woman's clothes and just show the old man what he is in

THE GIDDY GUSHER.

London Gossip.

LONDON, Sept. 27.

From the Imperial Theatre at Westminster, a few days since, we had the shortest theatrical "Honeymoon" in London. It lasted three days, and took considerable of the color of the realm. Captain Digney Rothwell and Ada Ward were the luckless parties who were elected to play this drama, to a small, conspiring public; for it was during a very hot spell of weather. No one wanted to see the Honeymoon, so poor Ada Ward was offered as a sacrifice to Captain Rothwell's pig-headedness. Now, if a play of to-day had been put on, perhaps there might have been some chance of filling the house. But the Imperial is strictly any-way. It is, after all, only a side-show booth, as it were, to the Aquarium. Here Josie Vokes got her death, and energetic Frank Dietz, sweet "Lady Linda's" (for this royal title seems to suit her, and I've always called her Lady Linda) brother, struggled heavily to succeed in management; but a spell hangs over the place, and a superstition kills its value as a house of amusement. It is situated on what is called the Broad Sanctuary, and Londoners regard all the ground thereabout as part of Westminster Abbey, and consequently consecrated soil. True, Mrs. Langley here made her debut, and she has been lucky. But have the interests of dramatic art been served by the debut of this most remarkable person on the stage? I think we could have been spared this infliction, and I dare say she could have earned a respectable living in some other less exacting channel. But if obstinacy were confined to the luckless Imperial we might endure it.

Unfortunately other actors and managers of experience are persistently blind to what the public desire and indulge in personal "fads" continually. To instance this, there's the Vandeville Theatre. It was doing an immense business with Confusion, which, long as its run had been, would no doubt have run a year longer. The public liked it, and went to see it again and again. But Mr. Thomas Thorne had been idle a year. True, he managed the Vandeville, but he liked to again tread the boards. Americans will remember Frederick Thorne, Tom's brother, as Florian in Reynolds's Henry V. Mr. Tom has been out of health, and within the year has lost his wife, a most estimable lady. These two circumstances depressed him in the extreme and rendered him all the more anxious to remove Confusion in the height of its popularity and substitute Henry A. Jones, new comedy. Saints and Sinners, in which he plays the part of a Dissenting Minister. The play is laudable, and the first act is interlarded with texts of Scripture. This never goes down even with the first-night critics, who are perhaps always critical sinners at the playhouse. Poor little Letta was hurt because she sang "Sweet Bye and Bye" at her first London performance. The religious element in London audiences would not stand it. Mr. Jones' play has good elements, and since the first night has been better played and also judiciously cut and dove-tailed. But alas! the theatre is filled with merry echoes of the laughter excited in Confusion, and the echoes dispute the presence of new spirits, "bogy spirits," in their midst.

Colonel Mapleson walks down Piccadilly with a proud expression on his pleasant face. He has secured for next season the greatest tenor of the age, a Brazilian, to whom the impresario have in vain offered tremendous pecuniary inducements for years to leave Brazil. He accepts Colonel Mapleson's princely offer, not so much for the money as for the honor of singing with Patti; for he is devoted to his art, and with all an artist's fever worships the diva. We are to have a feast of opera next season. Who that has a spark of soul can resist the charms of opera? It is the nearest approach we make to Heaven on this earth. To hear L'Ariziano I would deny myself several new gowns and wear the old ones another season. I knew a young woman who played near the Academy in New York one winter, and who, being through in the second act of the play, used to rush over to hear bits of the music on opera nights. And every one was polite to her, and some gentlemen near the door were sure to rise to give her his seat. And it was soul-food to her for days to hear Patti and Scalchi. Who was this odd person? Well, Mr. Editor, if I had ever been possessed of a twin sister, I would have been that other twin. Which reminds me that Mrs. Conover's Twins, at the Olympic, has had its fiftieth representation to crowded houses; and the fair Annie Conover is happy.

Mr. American Exchange Gilling has given a dinner in honor of the Lord Mayor. It is not of the dinner I care to speak, however. I am never wildly enthusiastic over seeing the animal Man feed in public. I cannot understand why a lot of bright men should not on these occasions invite a lot of bright women to join them, and I conclude it is because they are quite sure that the women, were they invited, would outshine them. Arrogant and old-fashioned, you say! Well, it may look so, but I am neither an old-fashioned brute nor yet an aristocrat. With which preface I begin.

I speak of A. E. G. (American Exchange Gilling) only to see that along with his corn on the cob, done a la Michigan, especially imported for the occasion, he treated the guests to the best of Her Majesty's Royal Artillery, which played a choice selection of music during dinner, under Cavalier L. Zaverial, and during dessert Nettie Carpenter positively enchanted the guests with her violin solos. Miss Nettie is unknown, is poor, is only fifteen, and I insist she has a future. Her mother played at the piano her accompaniments, and when they applauded her daughter the mother cried. Howard Paul tells me it was most affecting and wishes I had been there to see and hear. So do I with the name. And leaving music, I will say that at Covent Garden, in October, we are to have Rossini's Stabat Mater, to be given with Mendelssohn's Hymn of Praise, under the direction of A. Gwynne Crowe and a superb chorus and orchestra.

Mrs. Kendal's speech before the Social Science Congress at Birmingham was of the nature. However, I don't quite endorse all that the estimable Mrs. Kendal asserts. Still she says much that is excellent, and it is so charming to once in a while find an actress who can talk sensibly even in the words of some dramatist which are put in her mouth to say, willy nilly.

The last art season. The scene shifts. Two towns the provinces, and on the old New York favorites. First is Rosedale, advertised as from Wallack's Theatre, and an credit is given to "our London." Second is the London Frank Fayrer Maude and his dog Jack. Third, Langtry, the temptress, and Captain, the superb. Fourth, Madeline Palmer, as Miss, in Green Garden, Madeline Palmer's and Letitia Weston's great part, the play being a demonstration of Fanny's Cooper's celebrated novel "The West of the Western World." Fifth, one of the two versions of Called Back, with Yorkie Stephens as Gilbert Vaughan. By the way, here, as in America, there is no law to prevent anyone from making a drama out of a published novel. Sixth, John Geyfard singing as never as an English singing. Seventh, Miss Roseman returned to the stage doing Look and Mary Warner. Eighth, Fun on the Beach in the Channel Isles, the home of the Langtry, and last, a version of My Sweetheart, most charmingly played at Eastbourne by a clever little juvenile actress.

A good story is told of Miss Anderson. A letter came to her a few days since, directed to the Lyceum to "M. Anderson." One of the people employed about the theatre, knowing how the ladies do not receive her full name on letters, remarked that "she would be furious, as she is rather opinion on occasion." "Not at all," replied a friend near by; "the address is all right, 'M.' stands for 'Madame.'" Rather severe that! Another story is told on good authority. She was playing in the provinces with Mrs. Saker as Cynthia—a great provincial favorite, who was formerly manageress of the principal Liverpool theatre, where the Anderson company were to open. Mrs. Saker is the idol of the Liverpool people, as was her late husband, and Miss Anderson was fortunate in securing her services. On the appearance of Mrs. Saker at her own old theatre the demonstration was wildly enthusiastic, the people rising in their seats. At the wings stood Miss Anderson waving wrath. "They think it is me," she murmured. The applause continued. It was an ovation. "Dear me," said the star, under her breath, "why don't some one tell them it is not me." On this an actor standing near remarked to the Irish Galilee, "Not at all Miss Anderson; it is all for Mrs. Saker, whom the people rave over, as an old friend, a manageress and an incomparable actress." Well the amount of it all was that she got fairly vexed over it; for Mary does not date on playing with "incomparable actresses." One thing to leave the provinces and return to London! I will say: the game she was this season as Clarice in Comedy and Tragedy is most beautiful and becoming, and she does up her hair prettier, yet quite as beautifully correct, than last season. The awful sight she presented last season in an atrocious turgid "A billion hair" with her hair a la Marie Antoinette, quite threw me into a spasm of sickness. In the days when her gowns were against they were worse than that green-yellow abomination. And as gowns generally take the place of theatrical genius on the modern stage, I rejoice in Miss Anderson's pretty robe this season, her beautiful diamonds and her billowy falls of dainty lace, especially the graceful "A la" style of neckwear which relieves the eye of contemplating her angular shoulders and bust. I think Maria Gillis Anderson must have made that former awful colicky trick, which I trust she has now sold to a London old old reader.

Mr. Stuart Cornforth has given a thoughtful notice at the Surrey. I wonder if he can forecast the coming season's business there. A lady thought under has been giving manifestations in London. Well, there is a very practical "lady thought-reader" always at the Surrey in the person of Miss Helen Lewis, to whom Mr. Drury Carte came much of his success as a manager. Carte has the very handsome private house of residence in its furniture and appointments in all London. It is furnished by Liberty and Co., the art dealer and costume-furnishers. They get up all the artistic gowns for the Surrey opera, and their show-rooms are bewildering studios. If ladies from America had good sense in all cases they would shop at Liberty's rather than elsewhere, because the costumes are designed to suit the party ordering them by an artist who continually paints designs for customers.

A. W.

Professional Designs.

—Fred. Ross will appear in Nita's First at Wallack's.

—Handmann includes Called Back in his repertoire.

—Fanny Wentworth arrived from Montreal on Monday.

—Ranney Morris has copyrighted his play, Two Women.

—Amelia Somerville will return to the cast of Adams shortly.

—R. W. Williams, a property-man, died in Boston on Monday.

—Manager Rich and Harris, of Boston, arrived in town Tuesday.

—The infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Stetson died on Tuesday.

—The Madison Square Private Secretary is booked until the end of April.

—There will shortly be some changes made in the Wages of Sin company.

—Helene Brooks has recently been added to C. R. Gardner's Zoos company.

—W. S. Riving has declined an offer from Isaac Newman to support Catherine Lamb.

—Ida Morda and the Richmond Theatre called for England on the American post-boat.

—Rosa Coghlan and Sophie Eyre will appear together at the People's Theatre on Nov. 17.

—Walter Owen is still disappointed, but will probably go with a cast Private Secretary company.

—The summer, lobby and foyer of Italy's Theatre have been handsomely decorated since Saturday.

—Professor M. O'Rourke, of Cambridge, is dead. He was the author of several pretty ballads.

—Agnes South will probably appear with the New Lyceum stock company, negotiations being pending.

—Joseph Pelt is engaging a company, and will go starting this season. In what place is not announced.

—Handsome portraits of Blane have been presented to one Marjory to the Hoffman House and Belmont's.

—Manager Tillman has resumed his health entirely, and is regular in his attendance at the Grand Opera House.

—Owing to the large business being done nightly at the Casino, the spectators are charging twelve pence for seats.

—Edward Clayburgh has issued some early handsome photographs for his Circle and Souvenir of Paris company.

—Charles Barrow, having about with the D.A.M. company, has been engaged as business manager by Edward Clayburgh.

—Kate Pelt, who played the Bush Vases at Nite's under the Nite's management, to vary it at No. 5 Elm Place, Brooklyn.

—Ray Semuels, formerly a central figure in the Winter Opera company, has been engaged for the season by Manager McCall.

—Marie Demille has declined several offers, including one to join the choir of a fashionable opera house at London season.

—J. W. Piggott, a young English actor who plays the Friar in the Seven Ravens, will shortly leave the cast and go to Wallack's.

—T. L. Baily, of the Madison Square forces, will star two seasons completely next season. He will have a unique-to-order place.

—A reporter learned yesterday that Josiah may go on the road earlier than was expected. Harry Sargent has issued some very attractive paper.

—T. C. Cramer is arranging music especially for the forthcoming production of Hamlet by amateurs at the Lexington Avenue Opera House.

—Miss Thompson is engaged for Peck and Gilmore's Seven Ravens road company. She has her pick of parts, and will certainly have her opportunities.

—E. H. Van Velsdonk plays but a small part in The Beggar Student, yet he does it so cleverly as to attract attention from the principals while he is on.

—Walter Humphreys has been offered a part in the travelling Beggar Student by W. A. Thompson. He is giving it the full weight of his consideration.

—William Harcourt and Mr. Wilson, late of the McCullough company, have joined the Haddon Brothers in Virginia on Route. Mr. Harcourt has joined Fred. Ward.

—The Sells Brothers, some time, are a gathering with the Order of Chivalry, only going to secure the funds and in the next payment for advertising program.

—Edward Grant will manage Ivesford. He has booked nearly all the time up to March 27. The opening takes place in Rochester, Nov. 4. J. H. Hattie will play the leading part.

—Manager Schroeder told a Mirror man yesterday that the Eric Bayley Comedy company will early appear at the Fifth Avenue Theatre on Oct. 27, Called Back during its season 25th.

—It is said that J. C. Williamson had arranged as Australian tour for John McCullough. Mr. Williamson declines to give a list of the attractions he has thus far secured for the Australian.

—Howard P. Taylor will make one or two appearances in Caprice before Miss Madeline appears in it. Legrand White has received offers from English and French managers for rights in the play.

—Louis Nathel and Kithand Colburn have been engaged for the production of comic operas at the New Park. The revival of The Grand Duchess is to be spectacular. Real houses will be used.

—W. E. Henry arrived in town on Friday in advance of Richmond and Barry's Midnight Marriage company. He states that they have been doing a large business down East. Their new play will not be ready for some time.

—When Miss Madeline appears at a special matinee at Wallack's she will be supported by a company selected by Charles Frohman—not by the regular Wallack company, as has been said. Frohman is to be the play.

—Robert G. Morris says that The Pulse of New York is the one thing with which the Frohman have made money this season; that it has only been played to a losing business one week out of the seven it has been on the road.

—It is stated that negotiations have again been opened for the Horticultural Hall, at Twenty-eighth street and Broadway, with a view to the erection of a theatre. The owners of the land are anxious to lease it for that purpose.

—Sirha has been almost revolutionized since its first production. E. F. De Nye has re-arranged it, so that the story is now more gradually told, and the great scenes follow more naturally. J. F. Powers is playing Frank Tannehill's part.

—On Monday night it was noticed that the usual amount of tears were shed over Hazel Kirts. It may have been merely the promotional symptoms of the "farewell" that has been announced. But time is being looked for next season all the same.

—It having been stated in last week's Mirror by our New Orleans correspondent that Harry Vaughn owed his company little or nothing, Bobby Newcomb brings a statement to this office to the effect that the last week's salaries remain unpaid and that Mr. Vaughn barely misrepresented his affairs. The statement is signed by Bobby Newcomb, Walter Owen, Harry Kingsley, Lee McDowell, J. W. Walker and Marion Wallack.

[illegible][illegible]

RANNEY: St. Louis, 6; Wash.
RANDALL: Lafayette, Ind., 7; Indianapolis, 10; Anderson,
 11; Chicago, 12; New Albany, 18; Louisville, Ky.,
 21; Cincinnati, 27; Lexington, 27; Mayfield,
 29; Xenia, 31; Columbus, 32; Urbana, 32; Marion,
 32; Schickel, 33; Warren, 33;
CORRIGAN: Tinsford, Cal., 10; Los Angeles, 27; Lodge
 City, Kan., 31; Great Bend, 31; Midwest, 32; Fairbury,
 32; Columbia, 33; Mansfield, Mo., 33;
DONAHUE: Augusta, Ala., 2; Birmingham, 3; Savannah, 11;
 Jacksonville, Fla., 12; Tampa, 13; Greenville, 17;
 Lake City, 17; Madison, 18; Vidalia, Ga., 20; Sum-
 merville, 21; Thomasville, 21; Athens, 22; Cordeiro,
 24; Selma, Ala., 25; Americus, 26; 27; St. Valley,
 27; Winderburg, 27; Macon, 28; Thompson, 28;
LAWSON: McDonough, Ga., 3; Marietta, 12;
 Yonkers, 17; Landolt, 17; Westminster, 24; Newark
 Meadows, 25; Andover, 27; Hamilton, 27;
O'BRYEN: New Rochelle, Pa., 3; Ridgeway, 30; Ran-
 gesworth, 31; Brooma, 31; Loch Haven, 32; Suther-
 land, 32;
SCHAEFER: Sacramento, California, Tex., 10; Paris, 11; Beaun-
 ham, 12; Dawson, 12; Sherman, 12; Knoxville, 13;
 Deane, 13; Holtville, 17; Water, 18; Springfield,
 19; Fort Worth, 20; Houston, 21; Bucary, 22;
 Cleveland, 22; Dallas, 22; Meridian, 27; Belton, 27;
 Langston, 31; Camden, 31; Caldwell, 32.

Manifesting on the Stage.

Some time ago THE MANION, in a brief comment, impudged the practice of dual per- formances by the same actor. The comment thus urged upon such numerical actors acquire additional point when we find one of the first actresses of the age not only engaging in that line, but going beyond it and taking upon herself, on one and the same occasion, in one and the same play, triplets assumptions. This we cannot regard as conforming to the high tone of one who may and must be pronounced a first class artist.

In truth it is a flat violation of the prime necessity of art, which is unity of tone, purpose and effect. We leave the author of a play which requires the multiple manipulations to answer to himself; but we may say that we do not call to mind in any of Shakespeare's plays, the early, the middle-aged or the mature, an example of the duplication of parts.

The emergencies of the drama allow and warrant a "repeat" so far as the appearance of a personage of the drama as his own double under a disguise.

We hold the endeavor of a performer to present himself in the same play in other than one character fatal to the vital principle of good acting, namely: The strict presentation of one human being, and the embodiment of one individuality in all its methods, manners and idiosyncrasy, revealing to the eye and the mind of the audience an absolute creation complete in itself.

No bifurcated or trifurcated exhibition is consistent with this supreme requirement, and wherever attempts it must necessarily fail, not only in the bipartite but the tripartite attempt. Apart from the fatal effect upon the abnormalist, each discordant presentation tends to devalorize the entire play with harsh collisions and to introduce constant divergence throughout in the development of plot and character.

Excellent as may be the distinguished actress—to whom we have taken the liberty to refer by way of example—in the several parts, how can it be possible for the most careful auditor to hold in his hand at the same moment a steady thread of three divergent strands, one stretched and drawn upon by an advertisement another by a blind philosophicist not strictly defined, a third, indicating generally no kinship with the others. What is the result! All the power gathered by the artist in most able delineation of the one character, fastened of imparting its momentum to what follows, burns like a meteor in the air, having no effect in giving headway and progress to the main bulk of the play.

Whatever may be supposed to be the popular demand—or the commercial result, let the great artist be always assured that the drama, to live and flourish, must rest on foundations which have abided and will abide.

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TELEGRAPHIC NEWS.

Manager's Disgrace.

(By telegraph to the Mirror.)
PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 3.—Miss Janine, in *My Life*, opened at the Chestnut Street Opera House to a large audience. Harry Hamilton's lack of literary training is painfully emphasized in this play. Janine is still the grand actress. In any other hands *My Life* would be damned on sight.

Miss Hamilton has scored a hit at the Chestnut. Created, with Edward Southern, at the Chestnut Street Opera House, created a favorable impression. Opening house full.

The Walnut continues to present *A Night in Venice*, but the success which was so easily and quickly produced has not developed. The role of management of the Walnut have passed into the hands of John S. Clark's agent here, Fairbanks and Hall having had a "difference." Just what occasioned the trouble is not clear. Rumors of a disagreement have been whispered, from time to time, for more than a year, but never assumed definite shape until during the past week. I am of the opinion that Mr. Fairbanks believes himself in possession of sufficient experience—managed—no current his walking alone; and that the present trouble will result in his being the sole owner and manager.

Latter. The troubled waters of the Walnut are again stirred. Local Fairbanks is now the sole owner and manager, and Thomas A. Hall is out in the cold. Fairbanks's refusal to pay rent due Oct. 1 was simply part of a plan to old himself of the property. All engagements held good. No change in artists.

Very Discouraging.

(By telegraph to the Mirror.)
PROVIDENCE, Oct. 7.—Edie Hayley's company opened at the Providence Opera House, Monday night, in *Impulse*, to almost empty seats, there not being more than one hundred people present.

At the Hub.

BOSTON, Oct. 3.—John Gilbert had a royal greeting Monday night at the Boston Museum, where *The School for Scandal* was presented, with his *Sir Peter* as the *place de resistance*. He had a call before the curtain and was greeted warmly all through the piece.

The Globe had a roaring good house to see M. B. Curtis in *Spot Cash*, and Almer was greeted by a large audience at the Park, in *Man's Life*. Good houses at the Boston to see the gorgeous *Zazie*, at the Bijou to see *Shipped by the Light of the Moon*, at the Strand to see the Howard Atherton Star Spangled Company No. 2, and at the Boylston to see a smiling variety show.

The Sunday City.

(By telegraph to the Mirror.)
PITTSBURGH, Oct. 3.—Lemon and Co.'s *Heap of Gold* opened at Liberty Hall to a good house. Manager's *We, Us and Co.* at the Opera House opened large. The Academy and *Harold's* *Mamma* were packed on Monday night. The *Harmon*, *Tyrol* singers, now playing at the Academy, will shortly join the Buffalo Bill combination. Harry Kerrell was at town, 6th.

A Raid on Bachelor.

(By telegraph to the Mirror.)
CINCINNATI, Oct. 3.—The Excelsior society and chorus belonging to the Kintlys were attacked on the 5th, at the instance of Manager Mummery, of Louisville, at the close of the engagement at Hunt's. The trouble grew out of a broken contract of last season. Efforts are being made toward a compromise. The chorus, however, subjected the Kintlys to considerable trouble.

The Sunday openings were all well patronized, Sunday at Hunt's, in the Banks at Hunt's, *Marie Vickers* at the People's, and *Belmont and Crane* at the Grand drawing large audiences. C. W. Vance, stage-manager of the John McCullough company, has returned from Chicago, and forwards a rather discouraging account of the star's condition. Gilbert Clayton, recently with the Hess Opera troupe, has been engaged by Manager Havlin and will play the Cassin in the new version of Scott Martin's *Wonderful Book*.

An Opera House Burned.

(By telegraph to the Mirror.)
BETHLEHEM, Pa., Oct. 3.—The Grand Opera House was totally destroyed by fire yesterday morning. The fire is supposed to have been the work of an incendiary. It was first discovered at about 3 o'clock, a.m., and in less than two hours the destruction was complete. Barclay Campbell's company played *Separation* last night, and it was after midnight before they engaged in removing the baggage and property of the company left the house, and then there was not the slightest suspicion of fire. We are left without a theatre. Nothing has been said about rebuilding.

The house was owned by E. P. Withers, butler, and was managed by C. P. Smith.

Miscellaneous.

(By telegraph to the Mirror.)
LYNN, Mass., Oct. 3.—Stetson's Monte Cristo company opened its New England tour before a large audience on Monday night.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Oct. 3.—Queen was presented at the Academy on Monday night before a small but well pleased audience. Small house last night. Louise Pomeroy, in the leading role, did splendidly. The New York Opera company opened a three-night engagement at the Grand Monday night, ap-

pearing in *Methodism*. Fair house. Jennie Winston and A. H. Bell carried off the honors. **ALBANY, Oct. 3.**—Barnum's *at the Le-laud*, on Monday night, attracted a good-sized house. Tuesday evening large. The *Comme Meritons*, at Royal Museum, are drawing packed houses. People turned away in scorn.

BUFFALO, Oct. 3.—The Michel Bonfili company began the week at the Academy of Music before a large audience, whose applause testified their approval of this spectacular drama. The *Wages of Sin*, which Macbary and Overton produced at the Court Street Theatre, did not bring out a large audience Monday night. Bennett and Moulton's Opera filed Bennett's *Mamma* to the doors Monday evening. The *Mamma* was the hit.

The Gay Capital.

PARIS, Sept. 7, 1893.

There is always a feast or a famine, and this time there is so much material that even what is fair and ordinary news must be thrown aside. The new three-act play entitled *Un Divorce* was brought out at the Vaudeville, an amusement, and the story is short. The action is laid under the First Empire before the old *Divorce Law* had been repealed, and through this the author finds an ingenious method of holding up what he considers the drawbacks of the present divorce system. Diane Chennet's husband is a Colonel in Napoleon's army. He surprises her with a bundle of letters in her hand, and when he requests her to give them to him she throws them in the fire. He suspects her of infidelity, and after driving her from home, obtains a divorce. After four years Chennet's sister Pauline returns from a long absence, and insists upon his explaining the true cause of his quarrel with his wife. When told of the letters she falls on her knees and confesses that they contained the secret of her own honor, which Diane had protected at the expense of her own reputation and happiness. Meanwhile Diane suffers from her epistolary position in society, but is protected by Philip de Keron, who loves her, and at length she agrees to marry him. At this moment Pauline appears and implores Diane to forget and forgive, and return to her former home. This she refuses to do, and when Chennet appears, remains steadfast to her second love. The denouement of the play is the married happiness of De Keron and his wife, and the disappearance of the first husband, who is supposed to have sought his death on the battlefield. This is followed by two bright one-act pieces, *En Partie Fine* and *La Victime*, and the whole makes an enjoyable performance. By the way, what is the reason that one-act pieces are unknown quantities at our American theatres? They certainly are enjoyable, and frequently "put the cracker on the whip" in this country.

Sara is doing *Macbeth* at the Porte St. Martin in a manner that would bring down the gallery at the Old Bowery, if that cradle of dramatic art was yet in blast. When she came back here from England every one expected that she would be much improved, and that she would give a magnificent performance; but this world is filled with disappointments, and this has not proved an exception. Even the French papers, which are usually filled with fulsome praise concerning her, are convinced that she does not understand Shakespeare, and are not slow in expressing their views. Her throwing her arms above her head and resting like a fourth-rate heavy man does not appear to go down and results to mind an interview once had with Ned Adams in an Ohio town. He had just played Richard in Pittsburgh, and given a finished performance, but said that he was compelled to play better in the country towns than in the city, that the people were more exacting. Well, that might be a bowing performance, a regular scene-stating arrangement, and captured the house. Sara would be an everlasting star in that town. The critics have laugh at her, and look forward to the production of another adaptation of the same piece, which is said to be a great creation, at the Odéon. Speaking of country critics brings up the "Essay on Criticism" of the Punch and Judy showman: "It's a notion of mine that children in theatrical matters is far better judges than grown-up folks both for tragedy, comedy—that's Punch—an' farce. Specially children ain't much in coppers, but in enthusiasm an' appreciation they're millions. Your respectable old coveys who think they know something, is so critical that they miss the good points in looking for the bad ones. Children is just as clever in finding out what's good, an' 'quies an' cue in 'scenic' the bad. A heartist happens to the benightedness of his ignorance, an' the more benighted a benightedness of the more chance there is for good work to be disappointed an' paid for if there's coppers about. These children, you see, think as we Punch himself is alive, an' an' Judy is a small an' still edition o' their maternal relatives. No; give me a hairence o' coppers an' children. Them's my notions."

It is the general impression here that Abbey and Grau have secured the services of Sara for an American tour, commencing in 1895, lasting for three hundred nights, and setting her one thousand dollars a performance. Sara is one of the busiest men in Paris just now, as he is rehearsing *Palais des Monarches* at the Français and *Theodore* at the Porte St. Martin. The probabilities are decidedly in favor of the plays being successful, for he is unquestionably the first dramatic author alive to-day.

Judic has made a new departure and signed a treaty to appear at the Palais Royal in January, playing until May, in a new comedy by E. de Najac, and in a contemplated *opéra* of *Divorçons*. She has given a last, long, lingering farewell to the Variétés, and appears to be drifting more and more into comedy straight. The Americans will be disappointed in her next year, not because she is not a most pleasing actress, but she really sings little better than Thénio, and is not nearly so pretty. It is a great pity that the model for making perfect ones and women was lost some time before the inauguration of the Garden of Eden. They have just celebrated the tenth night of *Le Train de Plaisir*, at the Palais Royal, by a grand supper to the press, and are now drifting toward the second husband.

La Nuit aux Bouffes is a comic opera in three acts by D'Ennery and Ferrier, music by Hervey, the composer of *Blanchette*, which was brought out on the 15th at the Nouveautés before *Le Petit*. The subject is taken from an old two-act comedy which was played in 1832. It is useless to give the plot, as you will never hear of the piece otherwise than as the centre of attraction to a famous procession bound to the dramatic cemetery. The score possesses some good numbers, but friend Hervey must depend for his reputation upon his previous work, and not lean so heavily upon this broken reed. It is said that he wrote the music in London, where fags, or Scotch whiffs, has unquestionably proven too much for his usually clear head. The "Chanson Villanaise" is, however, a bright spot in the desert of dreariness, and will probably live as a sort of tombstone to show that such an opera ever existed. The acting and singing was so good that the actors deserved the sympathy accorded by the audience. La Nuit aux Bouffes was a failure.

The Grand Mogul is a new old opera which first saw light at Marseilles about eight years since. It has been rewritten and made its first appearance on the 15th at the Gaite. Audran and Duru are responsible for the production, which may be styled a success in this city. It possesses the two requisites of popularity—immensity in an unusual quantity and gorgeous scenery of it. The story is exceedingly simple. A dentist named Jaquet and his sister Irma, who is a serpent charmer, go out to India and arrive at the court of the Grand Mogul, whose son, Prince Mignepour, will arrive at his majority and mount the throne in two days. There is a law existing in this country that the Prince must be absolutely pure when he begins his rule. It is evident to everyone if he is the case, as he wears a necklace of immense white pearls which will immediately turn black should he lose his virtue. He falls in love with Irma on sight, and announces to the court that he will marry her. This does not suit the ideas of his cousin, the Princess Begum, as she intends to be the happy bride, so she writes him a note, under the false signature of Irma, making an engagement to meet him alone in the dark, at the park, at midnight. The next morning, when they come to crown the Prince, the pearls are black, and he is driven away, an exile from home and country. He comes back in the last act, disguised as a fakir, for the purpose of finding his girl. Then it turns out that Captain Clarkson, a heavy English villain, was in love with the Princess and had discovered her plot; so he gave the Prince a dose of opium, borrowed his clothes and filled the park engagement. Not only had he played this game, but he had substituted a set of black pearls for the white ones, and raised Hades generally. However, everything turns out in the regular orthodox fairy-story manner—and they were all happy ever afterward.

M. Emile Simon has concluded arrangements with Sarah Bernhardt and Jeanne Granier for a starting tour in Belgium and Holland. Sarah will give fifteen performances of *Macbeth* and Granier thirty performances, appearing in *Les Premiers Amours de Richelieu* and in *Plais de Lotus*. On her return she will create *Gaveche* at the Variétés where she is due on Nov. 15.

The management of the Musée Grévin, after which your Eden Musée is modeled, has established telephonic communication between their hall and the Variétés, Nouveautés and Eldorado. Now visitors to the Musée can listen to the performances going on at any of the above-named houses.

Colonel and Mrs. Mapleson and Signor Ardit are staying at the Hotel du Rhin. They dined on Thursday with Marie van Zandt, who is on the point of leaving for St. Petersburg to fill her engagement at the Imperial Opera.

Dumas' adaptation of *Hamlet* is to be revived at the Théâtre Français. Paul Maurice, who was the collaborateur in the translation, has obtained from M. Perrin the re-engagement of Mme. Agar, who had left that house. She is to impersonate the Queen. There is some talk of reviving Victor Hugo's *Les Burgraves*.

Mlle. Helene Dauvray (Miss Williams), the American actress now appearing in *Miss Magpie* at the Folies Dramatiques, was educated for the French stage by Mlle. Fargueil, formerly an actress at the Vaudeville. Her command of the French language is reported as being something extraordinary.

The Vaudeville has accepted a new four-act comedy from D'Ennery and D'Arly, entitled *L'Amour*. The leading part will be created by Mlle. Jeanne Brindam, who has been released by the Théâtre Français in order that she might better her position.

Mme. Heibron will create the part of Cleopatra at the Opera Comique, in the piece by the same name from the pen of Victor Massé.

Henri Bocque, the author of *Corbinaux*, read a new three-act comedy yesterday, entitled *La Parisienne*, to the Committee of the Théâtre Français.

The first of Joli Gille, by Poinsin, and the revival of Victor Massé's *Galathée*, are down on the bills for to-night at the Opera Comique.

The Folies-Bergères, which is the leading variety show and meeting place for ladies and gentlemen, gives a good entertainment. The management has just secured Edward Williams, the lion-tamer, who gives a performance with two tigers and a lion. The animals live and perform in the same cage.

Echecs from the Boulevard.

Madame X. meets Madame Z. and daughter.

"Yes, indeed! I was very happy when I was a girl at the convent. Ah, I should have remained there!"

"No doubt of it, my dear, but then you would not have been the mother of this sweet girl."

"And, oh, mamma, I should have been so very lonely without you."

At the railway station.

"What! Going on a journey to-day, Friday, the 13th?"

"Oh, no; I am just here to see my wife off."

Between invalids.

"You must eat very little. I only eat Gruyere cheese."

"But that is very heavy."

"Not at all; I only eat the holes."

On the play entitled *Le Drame au fond de la Mer*.
 "They say that the doctors and sage femmes have formed a society called *Le Drame au fond de la Mer*."
 (Mary has a new baby—another *Drame au fond de la Mer*.)
 MANTON.

Amateur Notes.



R. C. Hilliard's handsome face heads our column. He is now the President of the Brooklyn Academy, but has at different times been in the casts of the Knickerbocker and Amateur League Societies. In such roles as *Rodolphe*, in *The Banker's Daughter*, and *De Le Sparte*, in *Les Amours*, Mr. Hilliard has evinced talents which would be no discredit to very many of the juvenile actors of the professional stage. He will remain with the Gilbert this season, and in *Rosdale* will essay the part of the hero, Elliot Gray.

Hilleg Taylor was given at the Lexington Avenue Opera House on Tuesday evening by members of the Greenwich Society. The production showed talent among a number of the principals, and the large chorus sang admirably, and were well drilled and disciplined. The efforts of the entire cast were materially aided by the excellent instrumentation of the orchestra.

The Gilbert will appear at the Brooklyn Academy in November in *The Long Strike*.

The *Crushed Tragedian* will be given by the Hawthorne at the Lexington Avenue Opera House on Oct. 14.

New Men and Old Acres will be presented by the York at the Lexington Avenue Opera House in November.

Fatiniza will be attempted by the Greenwich at the Academy of Music on Nov. 25.

A new musical and dramatic association was organized on Sept. 14. It is called the Forest.

The Mimosa announces *The Merchant of Venice* for production at the Academy on Nov. 11.

Waiting for the Verdict was the inaugural play of the Park Dramatic Union at the Lexington Avenue Opera House last night (Wednesday). A reception followed.

In November the Amaranth, of Brooklyn, produce *Rose Michel*.

The Irving Literary Association will give an entertainment on Nov. 9 at the Lexington Avenue Opera House.

T. J. Burton is the President of the Greenwich.

The arrangements in front of the Lexington Avenue Opera House are excellent. Few improvements have been made in the theatre since last season, and many of the associations will appear at the Academy of Music in consequence.

Emeralda, under the management of George A. Blumenthal, of the Madison Square Theatre, has been postponed until Oct. 15.

A Grand Round.

It was the lofty compliment of Daniel Webster to Great Britain that her possessions were in every land and that her morning drum-beat circled the earth with an unbroken strain of martial music from the rising of the sun to the setting thereof.

Grandeur even than this is the circuit to be soon traversed, whose *ecceville* is the psalm of praise, thanks and affection to be paid, in all the churches of the Hebrew faith in all the climes and lands and nations that belt our globe, to the centennial philanthropist, patriot and man, Sir Moses Montefiore, whose hundredth birthday is now near at hand.

We specially call attention here to this event, inasmuch as our noble-hearted countrywoman, Mrs. General Hancock, has just now written the music for a centenary ode in its honor. Would that it could be transmitted so as to be heard on that day, at the same hour, in all parts of the earth where Sir Moses Montefiore has a friend and admirer.

Whenever we treat of metropolitan subjects in these columns, as we do now, we regard ourselves as still standing in the centre of our inner circle and looking forth from an elevated standpoint upon the large outer horizon upon the aspect it presents to our special observation.

The Standard Theatre, Chicago, which was opened last January, is now in the full tide of success. It is situated in the very "hub" of the busy West side, and for beauty and comfort is unequalled. An assurance of its success is the return of nearly every company that has thus far played within its walls. Scanlan has played two engagements, and returns again before the season is over.

The De Belleville Silver King company is this week paying a second visit. W. R. Hayden, manager for T. W. Keene, seeing the large business done by Hyde and Behman's Minstrels, wants a date as soon as possible. Mme. Janaschek, Nat Goodwin, Boston Theatre company, Eric Bayley's Comedy company and other noted attractions are booked. Charles Blanchett writes that there are a few weeks yet open.

Manager J. W. Hamilton has begun an action against Legrand White, manager of Minnie Maddern, for breach of contract in failing to play his star at the Mount Morris Theatre. Mr. White says the suit is only brought to cause him annoyance. Seeing that his season was not likely to be profitable, Mr. White closed early, at the same time notifying managers with whom he had dates, Manager Hamilton among the number. As soon as they learned that the Frohman had agreed to star Minnie Maddern, many of the managers claimed that they had verbal contracts. This is Mr. White's view of the matter; Manager Hamilton's may be somewhat different.

On Monday papers were served by Attorney Rosebush, as counsel for Nelson Waldron, in a suit, against the Madison Square management, preliminary to an application to the courts for an injunction to restrain them from using certain machinery and apparatus connected with the scenery and the famous double stage.

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